

Production No. 2F20

The Simpsons

"WHO SHOT MR. BURNS? (PART TWO)"

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FINAL 1

Date 10/21/94

"WHO SHOT MR. BURNS? (PART TWO)"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
 MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
 BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
 LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
 MAGGIE.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
 SMITHERS.....HARRY SHEARER
 MR. BURNS.....HARRY SHEARER
 ANNOUNCER (V.O.).....HANK AZARIA
 CHIEF WIGGUM.....HANK AZARIA
 KENT BROCKMAN.....HARRY SHEARER
 EDDIE.....HARRY SHEARER
 LOU.....HANK AZARIA
 SMITHERS' BRAIN.....HARRY SHEARER
 MOE.....HANK AZARIA
 TOWNSPEOPLE.....HARRY SHEARER/HANK AZARIA/DAN
CASTELLANETA
 GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE....DAN CASTELLANETA
 KRUSTY THE KLOWN.....DAN CASTELLANETA
 PRINCIPAL SKINNER.....HARRY SHEARER
 SUPER VILLIAN.....HANK AZARIA
 REPORTERS.....HARRY SHEARER/HANK AZARIA/DAN
CASTELLANETA
 DAVE SHUTTON.....HARRY SHEARER

SIDESHOW MEL.....DAN CASTELLANETA
JASPER.....HARRY SHEARER
GRAMPA.....DAN CASTELLANETA
DR. HIBBERT.....HARRY SHEARER
TITO PUENTE.....HANK AZARIA
BAND.....HARRY SHEARER/HANK AZARIA/DAN
.....CASTELLANETA
CROONER.....HANK AZARIA
SUPT. CHALMERS.....HANK AZARIA
BARNEY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
TECHNICIAN.....HANK AZARIA
SIMPSONS.....DAN CASTELLANETA/JULIE
.....KAVNER/NANCY CARTWRIGHT
...../YEARDLEY SMITH
HOMER'S BRAIN.....DAN CASTELLANETA
TEENAGE EMPLOYEE.....DAN CASTELLANETA
DR. NICK RIVIERA.....HANK AZARIA
CROWD.....DAN CASTELLANETA/HANK
.....AZARIA/HARRY SHEARER
PATTY.....JULIE KAVNER
POLICE DISPATCHER.....HARRY SHEARER
APU.....HANK AZARIA
NED FLANDERS.....HARRY SHEARER

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

SCENE 1

CLOSE-UP - EMPTY LIQUOR BOTTLE

The label reads "Vagrant's Choice Fortified Scotch -- May Cause Ejection Of Stomach Contents." SLOW SPINNING PULL-OUT to reveal we are...

INT. SMITHERS' APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The apartment is strewn with liquor bottles, half-eaten food, etc. -- the results of a prolonged binge. A dishevelled, unshaven SMITHERS lies passed out on the sofa, holding the Scotch. It slips from his hand and **SHATTERS**. He wakes up.

SMITHERS

(COTTON-MOUTH) Ugh. My mouth tastes
like an ashtray. (DISGUSTED NOISES)

He opens his mouth and several cigarette butts and matches fall out. From offscreen, he hears a **SHOWER RUNNING** and groggily gets up to investigate.

INT. SMITHERS' APARTMENT - BATHROOM - A SECOND LATER

He enters the steamy bathroom. A shadowy figure showers behind the fogged-up glass door.

SMITHERS

Who's in my shower? (SNIFFS) And
who's using my Paul Mitchell Curl
Reviver?

Smithers opens the shower door. Inside, a robust MR. BURNS **SCRUBS** himself. He turns to Smithers with a big smile, a la Bobby Ewing in the infamous 1986 season premiere of "Dallas."

BURNS

Smithers, wait your turn. There's plenty of hot water for all.

SMITHERS

(STUNNED) Sir, you weren't shot?

(DEEP SIGH OF RELIEF) It was all a dream. Thank God. Everything's back to normal.

BURNS

That's right. The year is 1965, and you and I are undercover detectives on the hot-rod circuit. (BEAT) Now let's burn rubber, baby!

Burns puts on a racing helmet with a number on it. SMASH CUT TO:

WASHED-OUT FOOTAGE of exciting auto racing action. MOD COP SHOW MUSIC plays over the opening credits.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

"Speedway Squad!" In color.

A bunch of race cars SPEED by, pursued by Burns and Smithers in a dragster. Burns leans out the window, FIRING a shotgun. FREEZE FRAME.

INT. SMITHERS' APARTMENT - REALITY

CLOSE-UP on Smithers as he jolts awake.

SMITHERS

Wait, that was all a dream.

(BRIGHTENING) Hey, then maybe I haven't become a hideous, drunken wreck! (LOOKS AROUND)

Both Smithers and the apartment are in even more squalid shape than in the dream.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

Oh. (BELCH)

ON TV - DAY - (SHADOWY)

KENT BROCKMAN stands outside the Town Hall, where police study the crime scene.

KENT BROCKMAN

Dozens of people are gunned down each day in Springfield, but until now, none of them was important. I'm Kent Brockman. At 3 p.m. Friday, local autocrat C. Montgomery Burns was shot following a tense confrontation at Town Hall.

Footage of Mr. Burns being loaded into an ambulance, etc.

KENT BROCKMAN (CONT'D)

Burns was rushed to a nearby hospital, where he was pronounced dead. He was then transferred to a better hospital, where doctors upgraded his condition to "alive."

Footage of a comatose Burns lying in bed hooked up to a life support system.

BACK TO BROCKMAN.

KENT BROCKMAN (CONT'D)

Now, let's talk to Police Chief Wiggum.

He walks over to CHIEF WIGGUM, who is eating a Nutty Buddy.

WIGGUM

Hiya, Kent. Ah, right now, our K-9
team is combing the crime scene.

Police DOGS **SNIFF** around the Town Hall. Several converge
on Kent Brockman, sniffing his jacket. They begin to
WHINE, BARK, and paw at the pocket. Brockman takes out a
baggie of medicinal herbs and quickly crams it in his
mouth.

KENT BROCKMAN

(MOUTH FULL) Anything else, Chief?

WIGGUM

We're, ah, also questioning two
witnesses who were in the vicinity at
the time.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Under a bright light, EDDIE and LOU are grilling the two
witnesses. Lou holds up a photo of Smithers.

LOU

Didja see this guy? Was he anywhere
near the parking lot when Burns got
shot?

The cops walk aside to reveal the witnesses: MAGGIE and
SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER (who's still wearing his devices.)
MARGE stands in the corner, frowning.

MAGGIE

(TWO SUCKS)

The dog examines the photo and drools on it.

EDDIE

Aw, it's no use. They ain't talkin'.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM

Marge is serving dinner.

LISA

Everyone in Springfield had a reason to
shoot Mr. Burns. Even us.

The family members look **AWKWARDLY** away as she addresses
them.

LISA (CONT'D)

Bart, he broke your dog's legs.
Grampa, he destroyed your home. And
Dad, well, you went kind of berserk
when he couldn't remember your name.

HOMER

(SUDDENLY CRAZED) Berserk is right!!
(SUDDENLY CALM) May I have some iced
tea, please?

BART

Aren't we forgetting someone, Sister
Suspect?

LISA

(NERVOUS CHUCKLE) Yeah, I was just
getting to me. Because of Mr. Burns,
they cancelled my jazz program, and my
friend Tito Puente got fired. But I
could never shoot someone.

BART

Could so!

LISA

Could not!

BART

Could so!

LISA

Could not!

BART

Could so!

LISA

Could not!

BART

Could s--

HOMER

Kids! Kids! Kids! As far as Daddy's
concerned, you're both potential
murderers.

MARGE

The police already have a suspect.
It's Mr. Smithers.

A beat as everyone considers this.

HOMER & BART

(TOO EAGER) Sure, Smithers! / He's a
good suspect! / I bet he's the one! /
Definitely Smithers! (ETC.)

GRAMPA

(OVEREAGER, FAST) Yeah! Smingers did
it! Case closed. Now, where's my hat?
I'm going to the outhouse.

GRAMPA grabs his fedora and hurries out the door.

LISA

We don't have an outhouse.

HOMER

(ALARMED GASP) My tool shed! Oh Dad!

Dad!

Homer dashes after Grampa.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - A FEW DAYS LATER

A desperate-looking Smithers slinks along, past PEOPLE'S suspicious glares. A patrol car drives slowly by and he SHUDDERS.

SMITHERS

Could I have shot Mr. Burns in a
drunken rage? No. No, not me. I know
in my heart I...

Smithers puts his hand to his heart and feels something.
He reaches into his coat and pulls out a revolver.

SMITHERS' BRAIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(GASPS) My gun! (SNIFFS IT) And it's
been recently fired! Wait, I remember
leaving the town meeting...

SMITHERS' FLASHBACK

Through Smithers' drunken P.O.V., everything is a blurry
swirl of colors. MUSIC builds as a hazy, hunched-over
figure comes into frame.

SMITHERS (V.O.)

I must've run into Mr. Burns outside,
and...

SMITHERS

(ANGRY DRUNKEN MURMURING, THEN:)

(STRUGGLING SOUNDS)

Smithers FIRES his gun.

BACK TO STREET

SMITHERS

Mr. Burns! What kind of a monster am
I?!

WIDEN TO REVEAL he is walking past a booth that reads,
"Guess Your Monster Type -- Three Dollars."

MONSTER GUESSER

(HUFFY) Uh... There's a little matter
of money.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - SHADOWY DAY

Homer stands in the yard, spraying a hose into his tool
shed. BARNEY and MOE drive up, hanging off the back of a
tow truck. Several pick-up trucks, etc., full of
TOWNSPEOPLE pull up behind them.

MOE

Hey, Homer, us hotheads is gonna go
tear down Burns' machine and get our
old Sun back. You wanna come with?

HOMER

Sure! I've had it up to here with
these damn rickets!

WIDEN to see Homer has severely bowed legs. He waddles
over to Moe.

EXT. MT. SPRINGFIELD - SUN BLOCKER - A LITTLE LATER

Townspeople have attached chains and cables from their
trucks (Willie on his tractor, Otto in his school bus, and
Bumblebee Man in the KMEX van) to the base of the tower.

WILLIE

(TO TRACTOR) Pull, Duchess, pull!

(SOTTO) Do this for me, and ye can
sleep in the house tonight.

With a loud **GROANING** of metal, the tower begins to give way. Finally, the gigantic paddle **TIPS OVER** and rolls down the mountain. The men peer over the side.

KRUSTY

Um... Uh, what town did we just crush?

SKINNER

Shelbyville.

TOWNSPEOPLE

(BEAT, THEN:) Yay!!

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - LATER

SMITHERS

Oh, this guilt is driving me mad. I've
got to tell someone.

WIDEN to see he's entering a large church, on which is chiselled "CATHEDRAL OF THE DOWNTOWN." A letterboard reads "Archbishop Carries Less Than \$20."

INT. CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS

Organ music echoes throughout the empty nave. Smithers steps into a confessional.

INT. CATHEDRAL - CONFESSIONAL - CONTINUOUS

SMITHERS

Father, I'm not a Catholic, but...
well, I tried to march in the St.
Patrick's Day parade... Anyway, I've
got a rather large sin to confess.
(DEEP BREATH) I'm the one who, who
shot Mr. Burns.

The little screen slides open to reveal Chief Wiggum
sitting on the other side. He points a gun at Smithers and
cocks it.

WIGGUM

That's all I needed to hear. (LOOKS
AROUND) Boy, this thing works great.
Gotta get one down at the station. Heh
heh.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Wiggum, Eddie, and Lou are giving Smithers the third
degree.

SMITHERS

The man became consumed by greed. He'd
steal from anyone.

FLASHBACK FROM PART ONE - BURNS'S OFFICE

Burns looks through binoculars at the school's oil derrick.

SMITHERS

This isn't a rival company you're
battling with. It's a school. People
won't stand for it.

BURNS

Pish-posh. It will be like taking
candy from a baby.

Through the binoculars, Burns sees a baby sitting in a nearby yard eating a large candy cane.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Say, that sounds like a larf. Let's
try it right now. (EXITS)

BACK TO REALITY

SMITHERS

And when he tried to steal our
sunlight, he crossed that line between
everyday villainy and cartoonish super-
villainy.

A cartoonish super-villain leans out of a jail cell.

SUPER-VILLAIN

Bah! He was a rank amateur compared to
Dr. Colossus! (EVIL LAUGH)

Dr. Colossus pushes a button on his belt. His mechanical platform shoes grow four feet in height, **SMACKING** his head against the ceiling.

SUPER-VILLAIN (CONT'D)

(RUBBING HIS HEAD) Ow. When is my
lawyer coming?

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - LATER

Smithers is escorted down the hall as reporters and cameramen crowd around.

REPORTERS

Mr. Smithers! / Smithers! / Over here,
Waylon! / (ETC.)

DAVE SHUTTON

Dave Shutton, Springfield Daily
Shopper. Who are you? Where are you
going?

KENT BROCKMAN

Oh, do your research, Shutton! (TO
SMITHERS) Ah, Kent Brockman, Channel
Six News. How does it feel to be
accused of the attempted murder of your
boss and mentor?

SMITHERS

Kent, I, I feel about as low as Madonna
when she found out she missed Tailhook.

REPORTERS

(APPRECIATIVE CHUCKLES)

KENT BROCKMAN

I'm going to say "ouch!" for Madonna.

INT. KRUSTY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

KRUSTY watches this on TV.

KRUSTY

(OUTRAGED) Hey! That's my Madonna
gag! That guy stole my gag!

SIDESHOW MEL

And you stole it from last Friday's
episode of "Pardon My Zinger."

KRUSTY

Stole, made-up, what's the difference?
(NERVOUS LAUGH)

SIDESHOW MEL

Mr. Smithers must have seen that
program, too. He never misses it.

Krusty turns to MEL and raises one eyebrow questioningly.
Mel takes a puff from a meerschaum pipe, a la Sherlock
Holmes.

SIDESHOW MEL (CONT'D)

At the town meeting, he mentioned that
he watched Comedy Central. I made sure
to note that, as it seemed quite
unusual. (BEAT THEN: EYES WIDEN) Ye
Gods. To the police station, Krusty!

INT. POLICE STATION - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Krusty and Mel burst through the doors.

SIDESHOW MEL

I am Melvin Van Horne, and this is my
associate Herschel Krustofsky.
Officers, you have arrested an innocent
man!

WIGGUM

Really? Aw, jeez.

Wiggum pushes a button and a cell door slides open.

WIGGUM (CONT'D)

All right, Colossus, you're free to go.

But stay away from Death Mountain.

SUPER-VILLAIN

(WHINY) But all my stuff is there.

Dr. Colossus exits sadly.

SIDESHOW MEL

(CLEARS THROAT) I was referring to
Waylon Smithers. Mr. Burns was shot
Friday at 3:00 p.m. -- the very time
that Smithers was at home watching
"Pardon My Zinger." So you see, he
couldn't have done it.

SMITHERS

(GASP) Yes! You're right! I remember
now! I - I watched that entire show!
In fact...

SMITHERS' FLASHBACK - EXT. TOWN HALL - A LOT LESS BLURRY

A drunken Smithers stumbles hurriedly outside, checking his
watch.

SMITHERS (V.O.)

I left the town meeting early so I
could get home in time.

SMITHERS

(SLURRING) Agh. I've gotta run, or
I'll miss the opening rank-out.

He staggers quickly down the sidewalk, until his way is
blocked by the hunched-over figure -- JASPER.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

(ANGRY DRUNKEN MURMURING)

JASPER

Slow down! The sidewalk's fer reg'lar
walkin', not fer fancy-walkin'.

Smithers tries to get around, but Jasper grabs his arm.

SMITHERS

(STRUGGLING SOUNDS)

JASPER

You simmer down, I'll letcha go.

Smithers pulls out his gun, **SHOOTS** Jasper in the leg, and runs off.

BACK TO REALITY

SMITHERS

(GLUM) So... Instead of wounding an
evil old man, I may have killed an
innocent old man. That's much worse.

KRUSTY

About 50,000 volts worse, if you know
what I mean. (MAKES SWITCH-PULLING
GESTURE) Eeeeh! Bzzzt! Sizzle...

WIGGUM

Wait a minute. If a second old geezer
got shot, how come nobody reported it?

INT. RETIREMENT CASTLE - HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Jasper answers his door, apparently unhurt. The cops and Smithers are a bit taken aback.

WIGGUM

Uh, hi. Uh, can we take a look at your leg?

Jasper bends down, turns a few screws, and slides an artificial leg out of his pants. He hands it over. There is a bullet lodged in it.

JASPER

Yeah, that's real spruce. You like it?

SMITHERS

Phew. Thank God. Sir, I, I only hope you can forgive me for shooting your wooden leg.

JASPER

You shot who in the what now?

WIGGUM

Okay, Smithers, you're free to go. (TO JASPER) And you, one question: do you know who shot Mr. Burns, cause we're really up the creek on this one.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

SCENE 4

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - TV ROOM - NIGHT

The family is watching TV.

KENT BROCKMAN (ON TV)

And with the prime suspect cleared and found completely innocent, we must now ask ourselves: "Who could possibly be as bloodthirsty as Waylon Smithers?"

MARGE

I guess it's never the most likely suspect.

LISA

Actually, Mom, in 95% of cases, it is. The rest of the time, it's usually some deranged lunatic who did it for no reason.

Everyone looks at Homer.

HOMER

Hey, I had a damn good reason. He could never remember my name...

FLASHBACK FROM PART ONE - BURNS'S OFFICE

Homer charges at Burns and begins shaking him violently.

HOMER (SIMULT. W/ BURNS)

Homer Simpson! Homer Simpson! (ETC.)

BURNS (SIMULT. W/ HOMER)

(BEING SHAKEN) What? / Eh? / Make
sense, man! / I can barely understand
what you're saying! / Speak up? / How's
that? (ETC.)

BACK TO REALITY

LISA

Well, I don't think anyone in this
family is capable of attempted murder.

GRAMPA

Eh, you never know what you're capable
of. I never thought I could shoot down
a German plane -- but last year, I
proved myself wrong.

LISA

Nancy Drew says that all you need to
solve a mystery is an inquisitive
temperament and two good friends. And
I've got an inquisitive temperament!
Maybe I could help solve this!

MARGE

(ANNOYED MURMUR) I think you're a
little young to be investigating an
attempted murder. Why don't you try to
solve the mystery of who put that mud
in the freezer?

Bart enters from the kitchen, carrying a tray with five
bowls on it.

BART

Who wants chocolate ice cream?

HOMER

Me! Me! Me, me!

ESTABLISHING SHOT - SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL - DAY

INT. HOSPITAL - BURNS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chief Wiggum and Dr. Hibbert stand over a comatose Burns. Hibbert switches on an x-ray display and gestures to the bullet right next to Burns's heart. (We also see Burns has a small, vestigial tail.)

DR. HIBBERT

I'm afraid removing the bullet could be extremely dangerous.

WIGGUM

Aw, come on! It's the closest thing to a clue we have. If you take it out, I'll let you do one really illegal thing.

HIBBERT'S THOUGHT BALLOON

A **CHUCKLING**, nude Dr. Hibbert streaks out of the Springfield Art Museum carrying the Charles Demuth painting "I Saw the Figure Five In Gold."

BACK TO SCENE

DR. HIBBERT

(CHUCKLES) Well, I suppose there might be a way...

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - LATER

Dr. Hibbert operates as Wiggum looks on. He removes the bullet from Burns and **DROPS** it onto a tray. The **BEEPING** vital signs go wild.

BURNS

(CONVULSIONS & AGONIZED MOANS)

DR. HIBBERT

Hurry! We're losing him!

Wiggum takes out his gun, aims very carefully, and **SHOOTS** a new bullet precisely into the old bullet hole. (The vital signs return to normal.)

BURNS

(SOOTHED PURR)

INT. POLICE STATION - THE NEXT DAY

The police pass around the bullet in a plastic bag.

WIGGUM

Okay, boys. Now that we've got a clue,
let's discuss the, um...

He consults a book titled "TEN TRITE TALES by Agatha Christie."

WIGGUM (CONT'D)

"Motive." (MOH-TIVE)

LISA (O.S.)

Mr. Burns is the richest man in town.
Maybe it was about money.

WIGGUM

That's some good thinking, Lou.

LOU

Thanks, Chief.

Lisa jumps up and down in front of the desk, trying to make herself seen.

LISA

Hey! I said that. My name is Lisa Simpson, and I made a chart of all the suspects in the Burns case. Look.

They gather around Lisa as she points to her handmade chart. As she speaks, we see clips of the suspects.

LISA

Mr. Burns hurt all these people financially: nightclub owner Moe Szyslak. His bar was closed because of Burns' negligence; liquor connoisseur Barney Gumble. When Moe's closed, Barney lost his only means of support - sucking coins out of the Love Tester machine.

EDDIE

That's a real good way to get sick.

LISA

Dedicated educator Principal Seymour Skinner. His school lost millions when Burns pirated its oil well; and grounds-tender Groundskeeper Willie. He lost his job and his dream of owning a space-age leaf blower.

WIGGUM

Hey, what about that jazz teacher that got laid off? You know, um, Johnny Mambo? Mister Salsa? Senor Samba?

LISA

Tito Puente?

WIGGUM

Yeah.

LISA

(LAUGHS) Well, he did vow revenge.

(OFF THEIR INTRIGUED LOOKS) But I
can't see him doing something illegal -
- he's in show business! He's a
celebrit--

WIGGUM

Let's roll, boys.

EXT. STREET - A LITTLE LATER

The squad car pulls up in front of a nightclub called "Chez Guevara. Palacio de Dansa Cubana."

INT. NIGHTCLUB - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The cops are questioning Tito Puente.

TITO PUENTE

Revenge? Of course. But why wound his
body with bullets when I can set his
soul afire with a slanderous mambo?
Listen, if you will, to my revenge.
Uno, dos, tres...

Puente and his band strike up a **THROBBING LATIN BEAT.**

PUENTE & BAND

(SINGING) Wounds won't last long / But
an insulting song / Burns will always
carry with him. /// So I'll settle my
score / On the samba floor / With this
vengeful Latin rhythm!

CROONER

Bu-urns! Con el corazon de perro! /
Senor Bu-urns! El diablo con dinero!

PUENTE & BAND

(BIG FINISH) It may not surprise you /
But all of us despise you. / Please die
/ And fry / In hell / You rotten / Rich
/ Old wretch!

BAND

(IN UNISON) Adios, viejo!

WIGGUM, EDDIE & LOU

(APPLAUSE)

WIGGUM

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Okay, okay, I
believe you're innocent. Gee, I hope
all the suspects are this much fun.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - LATER

Principal Skinner sits perfectly still behind his
immaculate desk as a loud clock **TICKS**. The stultified
police fight off **DROWSINESS**.

SKINNER

(SLOW) Hum-m-m. Now-now let, let...
me... think.

WIGGUM

(SIGH)

SKINNER

(BEAT) Now, I did - I did go to the
town meeting with the intention of
ambushing Mr. Burns. When it
adjourned, I rushed to the lavatory to
apply my camouflage makeup...

FLASHBACK - TOWN HALL - INSIDE THE MEN'S ROOM

We see Skinner from behind, working feverishly in front of
a mirror. He turns around, and he's wearing lipstick,
rouge, and eyeliner, looking like a garish old hag.

SKINNER

Blast! I took mother's makeup kit by
mistake.

Superintendent Chalmers enters.

SUPERINTENDENT CHALMERS

Oh, uh, excuse me, ma'am.

SKINNER

Superintendent Chalmers!

SUPERINTENDENT CHALMERS

(REALIZING; SICKENED) Oh my God!

Just then, there is a **GUNSHOT** outside. The two exchange
even more shocked glances.

BACK TO REALITY

WIGGUM

So Superintendent Chalmers can vouch
for your whereabouts?

SKINNER

Oh yes. But, anything else he tells
you is a filthy lie.

SCENE 6

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

The cops sit opposite Groundskeeper Willie, who is on a
chair under bright lights. He is wearing his kilt.

WILLIE

I'm tellin' ya, I could nay have shot
Burns!

Willie uncrosses and recrosses his legs a la Sharon Stone,
revealing everything to the **MORTIFIED** police officers.
Eddie aims his gun at Willie.

EDDIE

This is your last warning about that.

WILLIE

It's impossible for me to fire a
pistol. If you'll check me medical
records, you'll see I have a cripplin'
arthritis in me index fingers! Look at
'em!

He holds up both his gnarled index fingers and makes
button-pushing gestures.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

I got it from Space Invaders in the
70's.

WIGGUM

Oh yeah, that was a pretty addictive
video game.

WILLIE

Video game?

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Moe is being given a lie detector test.

EDDIE

Did you hold a grudge against
Montgomery Burns?

MOE

No.

The machine emits a **PIERCING BEEP**.

MOE (CONT'D)

All right, maybe I did. But I didn't
shoot him.

This time, the machine emits an affirmative **CHIME**.

EDDIE

Checks out. Okay, Sir, you're free to
go.

MOE

Good, cause I got a hot date tonight.

(BEEP) A date. (BEEP) Dinner with
friends. (BEEP) Dinner alone. (BEEP)
Watching TV alone. (BEEP) All right.
I'm gonna sit at home and ogle the
ladies in the Victoria's Secret
catalog. (BEEP) (ASHAMED) Sears
catalog.

The machine sounds its affirmative **CHIME**.

MOE (CONT'D)

Wouldja unhook this, already please?!
I don't deserve this kind of shabby
treatment! (BEEP)

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The officers are questioning Barney.

BARNEY

Do they still serve free hot meals in
prison?

WIGGUM

Sure. They got tripesteak, turkaroni,
porkwads, you name it.

BARNEY

Oh, boy. I'm your man! I stabbed Mr.
Burns!

WIGGUM

Oh, beat it! And don't come back 'till
you've shot somebody.

BARNEY

You got it!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Grampa sits at the kitchen table, pouring orange juice into a bowl of cereal. Marge enters, carrying Grampa's empty cigar box.

MARGE

(UPSET) Grampa, I found your cigar box
dug up in the backyard, but the gun
wasn't there. Have you seen it?

GRAMPA

You accuse me of everything around
here. (SARCASTIC) Who put slippers in
the dishwasher? Who threw a cane at
the TV? Who fell into the china hutch?

MARGE

I was just asking if you'd seen it.
There's no need to be a prickly pear.

Marge exits. After a beat, Grampa reaches under his sweater and pulls out the gun. He fondles it lovingly.

GRAMPA

Just you and me, old friend. (BEAT)
What? What do you mean you're not my
friend?

He points the gun at himself and puts his other hand up in surrender.

GRAMPA (CONT'D)

Okay, okay. But you're not going to
get away with this.

He backs awkwardly off screen.

INT. POLICE STATION - MIDNIGHT

Wiggum sits at his desk, looking stymied. All the suspects
on Lisa's chart have been crossed off.

WIGGUM

We've eliminated all of our suspects
and we're still not close. Oh, this is
gonna be an all-night brain buster.
Better drink some coffee.

Wiggum rolls his chair over to the coffee machine and sees
it's empty.

WIGGUM (CONT'D)

Oh, we're out of coffee. Oh well, I'll
just drink this warm cream.

Wiggum takes a sip and actually falls asleep as he's
drinking. His head rolls back onto the table as he **SNORES**
contentedly.

WIGGUM'S DREAM

A "Twin Peaks"-style **JAZZ** riff plays. Chief Wiggum sits on
a couch in a red-curtained room with a black & white
checked floor. He is eating a donut. Lisa enters with a
weird, jerky walk. She sounds like she's talking
backwards, but isn't.

LISA

(BACKWARDS VOICE) Chief Wig-gum...

Don't eat... the clues.

He takes the donut away from his mouth. It is no longer a
donut, but a playing card: the ace of hearts. Its edges
are on fire.

LISA (CONT'D)

This suit burns better. Look.

She holds up a large ace of spades, which is totally engulfed in flames.

WIGGUM

Huh?

LISA

Better... look... burns... suit.

WIGGUM

I'm not following you.

LISA

Burns suit! Burns suit! (NORMAL
VOICE)

WIGGUM

Huh?

LISA

Look at Burns' suit. Yeesh.

BACK TO REALITY

Wiggum **JOLTS** awake. His hair is sticking up in a weird cowlick. Eddie enters.

EDDIE

I had an idea, Chief. Why don't we
check out that suit Burns was wearing
when he got shot?

WIGGUM

Did you have that same backwards-
talking dream with the flamin' cards?

EDDIE

(SHOOTS HIM A LEERY LOOK) I'll drive.

INT. HOSPITAL - BURNS' ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Eddie, Lou, and Smithers look on as Wiggum stands in the closet, examining Burns' suit with a magnifying glass. He finds an eyelash on the sleeve.

WIGGUM

Eureka!

INT. HOSPITAL - LAB - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The eyelash appears on the screen of an electron microscope.

TECHNICIAN

(WISEGUY VOICE) Ooh, nice eyelash.

Yours?

WIGGUM

No. We need to find out who it belonged to. We want a D.N.A. test.

TECHNICIAN

Ooh, ooh, ee, ooh, ooh... That takes 8 to 10 weeks.

The technician shifts expectantly from side to side. Wiggum **SIGHS** and slips him a carton of cigarettes.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Did I say weeks? 'Cause I meant seconds.

He places the eyelash in another machine and pushes a button.

WIGGUM

Whaddya got the whole town's D.N.A. on file?

TECHNICIAN

Yuh-huh. If you've ever handled a
penny, the government's got yer D.N.A.
Whyddya think they keep 'em in
circulation?

The computer starts scrolling through a long batch of
names.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Scan's finished. Now it's gonna narrow
it down to the family bloodline.

The machine finishes and **BEEPS**. It prints out "MATCH
FOUND... SIMPSON."

INT. HOSPITAL - BURNS' ROOM - THAT MINUTE

Eddie, Lou, and Smithers sit near Burns' bed, reading.
Suddenly, the life support machines begin to **BEEP** and **CLICK**
wildly. The three men jump to their feet and rush to his
side. Burns' eyelids flutter open, and he shoots straight
up.

BURNS

Homer Simpson!

EDDIE

Bingo. The gunman has a name-o.

The cops **CHARGE OFF** down the hall.

EDDIE & LOU (O.S.)

Chief! Chief! Chief!

SMITHERS

(NEAR TEARS) Sir! You're awake!

Don't worry, Sir, we'll have you up and
hunched over in no time.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EARLY THAT MORNING

The police BURST through the front door and begin RANSACKING the house. Bart, Lisa, and Grampa rush downstairs. Marge, holding Maggie, and Homer, holding a glass of milk, rush in from the kitchen.

LISA

Hey, Chief Wiggum, what are you doing?

What's going on?

WIGGUM

I'm sorry, kid. We got Simpson D.N.A. on Burns' clothing and a positive I.D. on your father.

SIMPSONS

(SHOCKED GASPS)

BART

D.N.A., positive I.D. -- Those won't hold up in any court -- Run, Dad!

Bart tries to push Homer out the door, but instead pushes him into an entering Lou, who wears a rubber glove and is carrying a pistol.

LOU

Hey-ho. Look what I found under Mr.

Simpson's car seat.

Homer sets down his milk. (Lou passes the gun to Eddie, who begins dusting it with a small brush.)

HOMER

I swear, I've never seen that gun before.

EDDIE (O.S.)

Then why are your fingerprints all over
it, sir?

They turn to see Eddie holding up the pistol and Homer's
milk glass. Both have visible, dusted fingerprints on
them.

HOMER

(SHRIEK)

Wiggum takes out the evidence bag containing the bullet.
He opens the pistol and removes one of the remaining five
bullets. They match up.

WIGGUM

This is the gun that shot Mr.
Burns. (SLAPS CUFFS ON HOMER) Homer
Simpson, you're under arrest for
attempted murder.

HOMER

(DISTRAUGHT ANNOYED GRUNT)

WIGGUM

Yeah, that's what they all say.
...They all say, "D'oh."

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

SCENE 8

INT. PADDY WAGON - A LITTLE LATER

Homer, in handcuffs, sits by himself in the rear of the paddy wagon, dejected.

HOMER

I don't think I shot him, but there's so much evidence. Maybe I blacked out and went nuts, like during the S.A.T.

HOMER'S BRAIN (V.O.)

(STERN) Homer, up here, this is your brain. I'm pretty sure you didn't do it. Now listen. Me, your stomach, and, er, a couple of the other body parts really do not want you to go to prison. We have to clear your name...

The CAMERA MOVES through the wall to...

INT. PADDY WAGON - CAB - CONTINUOUS

Chief Wiggum (in the driver's seat) and Lou have pulled up to the Krustyburger drive-thru and are ordering into the speaker.

WIGGUM

And two orders of Bite-Size Breakfast Pancakes. With extra dipping sauce.

TEENAGE EMPLOYEE (V.O.)

(SQUEAKY VOICE) Please pull up to the service window, please.

Wiggum starts to pull up, when he notices an overhang above the service window reading "CLEARANCE: 7 FT." The wagon won't fit.

WIGGUM

Aw! I don't wanna have to get out.

Ah, I'll just drive up on the curb.

He steers the paddy wagon up onto the high right curb, **CRUSHING** all the bushes. With its right wheels on the curb, the wagon tilts at a precarious angle. They pull up, and Wiggum leans way, way out, trying to reach the food being handed to him.

WIGGUM (CONT'D)

Ergh... Blugh... Almost got it...

As he leans further out and takes hold of the food, the extra weight causes the wagon to start tipping over.

LOU (O.S.)

Drop the food, Chief!!

WIGGUM

Nooooooo!

INT. PADDY WAGON - CONTINUOUS

Homer is thrown about as the wagon falls onto its side and the back door flies open. As he struggles to get up, he hears the sound of something approaching and looks out. We hear an **OMINOUS SYMPHONIC SWELL**, a la "The Fugitive."

HOMER'S P.O.V.

Jasper, in his Model A, rounds the corner of the drive-thru lane. He is heading straight for the wagon at about 5 m.p.h. He sounds his **KLAXON**, but doesn't stop.

JASPER

Dang fools. Drive-thru's not fer
a-parkin'.

Homer pulls himself from the wreckage. Jasper yanks his hand brake, but the Model A skids towards Homer with a horrific **SCREECHING** of metal. At the very last second, Homer dives over the bushes to freedom as Jasper plows into the paddy wagon. Both vehicles slide through the drive-thru with an unbelievable **CACOPHONY OF SOUND EFFECTS**.

TEENAGE EMPLOYEE

Dianne, I'm going to take my break
now..

INT. HOSPITAL - BURNS'S ROOM - THAT MORNING

Burns is sitting up in bed, eating breakfast alone. Dr.
Nick Riviera enters with a clipboard.

DR. NICK RIVIERA

Hi, everybody!

BURNS

(WAVING; A LA "HI, DR. NICK") Ho,
Mersimp Son!

DR. NICK RIVIERA

(SLIGHTLY ALARMED) Okay, that was a
little strange. Um tell me, how are
you feeling today?

BURNS

(TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING ELSE) Ho-
mer... Simpson, Homer. (SAID AS
PROFANITY; ANNOYED GRUNT) Simpson!

Dr. Nick looks in Burns' eyes with a small flashlight.

DR. NICK RIVIERA

Hmm... That seems to be all you can
say. When you were in that coma, did
you feel your brain getting damaged?

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

Lisa sits at the kitchen table with Marge.

MARGE

(VERY CONCERNED) The police have such a strong case against Homer. Mr. Burns said he did it, they have Homer's D.N.A...

LISA

They have Simpson D.N.A. It could've come from any of us. Except you, since you're a Bouvier.

MARGE

No. No, no. When I took your father's name, I took everything that came with it, including D.N.A.

LISA

(WEIRDED OUT) Okay, Mom. Anyway, my point is, the evidence isn't as concrete as it seems. Like those fingerprints. They could've gotten on the gun some other way.

LISA'S FLASHBACK - SIMPSON CAR

Lisa sits in the passenger seat, eating a banana. Homer holds an ice cream cone in each hand and steers with his knees.

LISA

Are you sure you don't want me to hold one of your ice cream cones?

HOMER

(DERISIVE SNORT) Yeah, right. You
chose fruit, you live with fruit.

The car **HITS** a bump, and one of Homer's scoops flies off
and rolls under the driver's seat.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(WHINY ANNOYED GRUNT)

He reaches down and feels around for it. We see his
fingers touch: an eight-track tape labelled "Pipin' Hot
Bread"; a pineapple-shaped and scented air freshener; and
the gun. Homer withdraws his hand to find a green lollipop
stuck to it.

HOMER (CONT'D)

No. No. No. Ewww. Why is this on the
floor?

He daintily places it in his shirt pocket and pats it
protectively.

BACK TO REALITY

LISA

And we don't even know whose gun that
was. Maybe somebody planted it there
to frame Dad.

Their gaze drifts over to Grampa.

MARGE

No. We can't start thinking that way
about our own family members.
Suspicion could tear us apart.

GRAMPA

That's right. We all gotta stick together if we're going to have any hope of bringing that awful Homer to justice.

INT. POLICE STATION - A FEW HOURS LATER SCENE 9

A press conference is in progress. Chief Wiggum has his arm in a sling and a bandage on his head.

WIGGUM

Here is a photo of the fugitive from our files.

He holds up a blown-up mugshot of Homer, who has a black eye and is wearing a "Haig in '88" t-shirt.

WIGGUM (CONT'D)

And now Waylon Smithers -- ah who has been a real good sport about that wrongful arrest thing (RELIEVED WHISTLE; LAUGH) -- has a statement that he would like to make. Waylon?

SMITHERS

Thank you. As Montgomery Burns' closest friend, I am certain that there is nothing he would want more than swift, brutal revenge against Homer Simpson. Therefore, I am offering a \$50,000 reward for his capture. Dead or alive.

CROWD

(EXCITED FRENZY)

WIGGUM

Me first! Me first!

The cops and reporters charge out.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - TV ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marge and the kids watch this on TV. Marge is quite upset.

MARGE

Oh, my goodness! I just pray he comes
here before any of those lunatics find
him.

The doorbell **RINGS**. Bart answers it to reveal Patty and Selma. Patty is wearing night-vision goggles, and Selma is carrying a crate labelled "TRANQUILIZER DARTS."

PATTY

Hello, Bart. Is your father in?

INT. HOSPITAL - BURNS'S ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Burns awakens to find someone standing over him in a doctor's coat. He looks up to see it's Homer.

BURNS

Homer Simpson?

HOMER

(QUIET RAGE) So you finally learned my
name, eh?

Burns shakes his head "no."

BURNS

Homer Simpson.

HOMER

(CONFUSED BEAT) I've got no time for
your demented parlor games! (OMINOUS)
You won't be telling anyone else that
Homer Simpson shot you.

Homer advances on Mr. Burns.

EXT. TOWN HALL - THAT MINUTE

Lisa walks around the town hall parking lot, lost in
thought.

LISA

The scene of the crime! There must be
something here that can clear Dad.

A PIGEON lands on something nearby.

PIGEON

(COOING) Clue, clue.

Lisa turns her head toward the something.

LISA

(REALIZING) That's it! Oh, Mr.
Pigeon, I'd kiss you if you weren't
swimming with disease.

Her memory flashes to:

SLOW MOTION - BLACK & WHITE

Burns, shot, staggers out of the parking lot. His jacket
flutters open, and we clearly see his shoulder holster is
empty.

BACK TO LISA

She follows Burns's path to the front of the town hall.

LISA

(GASP) So, the D.N.A. was right. It
must've been... Oh, Dad!

Eddie is hanging out nearby, leaning against his
motorcycle. His police radio **CRACKLES** to life.

POLICE DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Attention all units. Homer Simpson has
been sighted. Proceed at once to
Marvin Monroe Memorial Hospital.

LISA

(GASP)

Eddie **ZOOMS** off. Lisa jumps on her bike and follows,
pedaling as fast as she can. A second later, a **MOB** of
bounty hunters races past (including Otto with some rope,
the Sea Captain with a harpoon and net, and Lunchlady Doris
carrying mace and wearing a gas mask.)

APU

Be careful when we capture him! We
cannot claim the reward unless we have
51% of the carcass.

EXT. HOSPITAL - FRONT STEPS - ONE MINUTE LATER

Lisa leaps off her bike and rushes into the hospital, just
ahead of the police and the mob.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - TEN SECONDS LATER

Lisa runs down the hall towards Burns' room. Smithers and
the cops, guns in hand, close in from the other direction.

LISA

Wait! Stop! Don't shoot my Dad!

CONTINUED...